

Good Morning 281

The Daily Paper of the Submarine Branch
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'Punch' is Domino Expert

BECAUSE his master does not believe in performing animals for profit, "Punch," eight-year-old wonder dog of Kettlewell, Yorkshire, has never achieved the fame he deserves.

A Labrador sheep dog, he can add, subtract, divide, multiply, state his age, and play dominoes. He has had no training, and first displayed his mathematical powers when, as a puppy, he would count the number of sheep or cows in a field.

His father was an outstanding sheep dog in the Lake Dis-

trict, and Punch spent his puppy days on lonely Shap Fell, where he never saw another dog, and to this Mr. Frank Gummerson, his master and Warden of Kettlewell Youth Hostel, attributes his powers.

Ask Punch his age; eight barks is the answer. He knows that four into sixteen goes four barks and that twice three is six barks.

Dominoes is his favourite pastime, and he has played and often beaten hundreds of Youth Hostellers "who," says Mr. Gummerson, "turn up at the oddest times of the year, having come from as far afield as London and Scotland just to see Punch."

The dominoes are set up, and whatever number his opponent plays, perhaps two, Punch looks at his set-up, and, seeing a 2-5, will bark twice and then five times, clearly indicating his choice. He "knocks" by solemnly nodding his head, and, in the event

of a defeat, counts up at the end.

"Much money has been raised for local charities by his antics," Mr. Gummerson told "Good Morning." "Recently he made a trip to Scotland, entertaining war workers. I could have made a lot of money with him, but I don't believe in professional animals."

Gold mining—Useless work?



Bomb burst, but boxed on

W. H. Millier gives his Eye-Witness Story

MANY of the old-time prize fights took place under conditions of extraordinary difficulty, but no modern boxing contest was ever decided in such an atmosphere as that which surrounded the Siki-McTigue contest in Dublin.

The contest itself fades into insignificance beside all the events leading up to its consummation. The mere glove fight would have been among the unimportant happenings that are rarely, if ever, recalled.

As it is, it goes on record as the peg whereon a series of events unparalleled in fight history was hung.

Battling Siki would have remained almost a nonentity had it not been for his entirely unexpected victory over Carpentier; and that could never have happened if the French champion had taken the trouble to put in a little training beforehand.

It was not so much his victory over Carpentier that gained him the engagement he did not wish to accept in Ireland. It was the fact that he had been refused permission to have in England that made Irishmen anxious to have him with them.

POLITICS AND SPORT.

It started with two Irish sportsmen as promoters entering into partnership to give Dublin a glove fight which might serve the purpose of diverting some troubled minds from the explosive paths of politics and at the same time show a fair dividend on capital outlay.

It finished by being staged under direction of the Irish Free State Government, and as politics had intruded in the action of the I.R.A., the promoters failed to earn the expected dividend.

Had the fight proved the big money-maker it was expected to be, it would have been just reward for all the trouble that it caused.

March 17, St. Patrick's Day, was the date fixed for the con-

test, and March 17 it had to be by order of the Irish Government, despite the illegal instructions of the I.R.A. It was this clash of interests that prevented a sell-out at the box-office.

Many people who intended making the journey from country districts thought it advisable to stay away from Dublin when it became known that the I.R.A. would attempt to prevent the contest taking place.

IN AN ALLEY.

Even among those who came to Dublin, quite a number changed their minds at the last moment when they saw what precautions had been taken to counter any proposed interference. The police and the Army had taken complete charge.

The Scala Theatre was situated at the corner of a narrow alley, or courtyard, which admirably suited the purpose by being a cul-de-sac.

All the police had to do was to place a barricade across the entrance and none could enter without search and examination. A squad of soldiers with loaded rifles and fixed bayonets lined up in front of the theatre.

Only one person at a time could approach the theatre, and as he was questioned and searched before being permitted to enter, it may be gathered it took a long time to pass the would-be spectators into the building.

Small wonder that there were many empty seats. Inside the theatre were more troops. The boxing ring was protected by a ring of bayonets, but the troops, although only inches from the boxers, were unable to see the fight.

They had to stand with their backs to the ring, and facing the spectators.

I had worked hard to get the fight started early in the evening in order to be able to telephone my story to Fleet Street in good time, and was feeling pleased when it was made known that the show would start at 6 p.m.

This was a short-lived pleasure, however, as soon after the start, the police announced that nobody would be permitted to leave the building before 11.30. What a prospect!

Five and a half hours in a theatre, with three hours to kill after the show finished,

MADE THEATRE A FORT!

The boxers had been escorted to the theatre from their training quarters by armed guards, in order to defeat any attempts at kidnapping, and when all the spectators had taken their seats the only entrance that had been in use was bolted, barred and guarded.

Every precaution had been taken, and you might think that the I.R.A. bowed to the inevitable and retired gracefully from the scene.

The first pair had been in the ring about ten minutes and were putting up a good fight when the whole building rocked on its foundations.

For a space of time immeasurable nobody spoke, nobody moved. If the battling boxers hesitated, it could have been only the merest fraction of a second, for they continued as if nothing had happened.

It was not long before we learned that the I.R.A. had made the threatened attempt to blow up the building. There was a picture palace adjoining the Scala Theatre, and one wall of the picture house backed on to the Scala. Whether the police had overlooked this fact or not I do not know, but it was apparent that it had not escaped the I.R.A.

A bomb had been exploded against this wall, but fortunately it caused no damage to the theatre, although the picture palace suffered.

The atmosphere inside that theatre, which for the night had been turned into a boxing hall, had been tense. Most people were silent, and it all seemed so strange, but almost directly after the muffled detonation that had shaken the buildings had died away the tension eased and conversation flowed.

Even Battling Siki became quite joyous. Before the show had started, Georges Carpentier (yes, he was there) had offered to bet Descamps that the negro would refuse to climb through the ropes directly he saw the naked bayonets round the ring. It was after the explosion that the chief of police announced that everybody would be kept in the building until 11.30.

In order to make the show last longer a number of celebrities were introduced from the ring. There were many famous boxers, but the crowd did not appear to be particularly thrilled at seeing them.

They shouted for Tom Webster, the sports cartoonist, and he was cheered to the echo giving him the biggest cheer: for his fiery efforts.

For McTigue, the crowd reserved its biting comments.

The cheering that greeted the entrance of the negro was astonishing. If he had been Robert Emmet returned to life he could not have been given a more welcome reception.

The one or two handclaps that ushered in Mike McTigue must have come from relatives, for whom he had procured free seats.

THE FIGHT A BALLET.

To the hardened boxing follower the fight was an anti-climax. It lacked most of the expected thrills and fell rather flat after the events leading to it.

McTigue was consistent in his philosophy. He gave nothing away outside, and in the ring he was what you might term a super-economist. He did not waste an ounce of energy.

Siki, on the other hand, was the complete contrast. Snorting like a wild bronco, he pranced and danced round the ring, whirling arms and gloves in a tornado of punches that mostly cleared the air.

McTigue found it childishly simple to avoid damage. His tactics were perfectly correct. Why should he bother to beat Siki when it was patent that the negro was beating himself?

All he had to do was to steer clear of trouble and get in sufficient punches to ensure keeping the lead. Sooner or later Siki would tire as a result of his own efforts, and then, in his own good time, McTigue would go for a knock-out.

This sort of battle did not please the crowd. Siki was

What's all this Gold? 15 Billion Dollars "Not worth a cent"

By S. M. Day

of the United States of America.

Uncle Sam, unable to sell this glittering ware to anybody else, has carefully buried the gold back again in the earth's crust. Or, to be exact, into huge underground vaults, guarded by soldiers, at Fort Knox.

His hoard, so he says, is now worth 23,000,000,000 dollars, that is, about 657 million fine ounces.

So, from the viewpoint of orthodox finance, the U.S.A. is, and has been, rolling in wealth. Yet, for many years prior to the war, the U.S.A. had about eight million unemployed living in poverty.

This all seems like "Alice in Wonderland." It is no wonder, then, that the American man-in-the-street scratches his head and asks, "What the heck is the good of digging gold out of the Transvaal to bury it again in God's own country?"

Here are some reasons:—
Gold has been, from time immemorial, the precious metal—the natural vehicle for valuing and bartering commodities. And tradition dies hard.

Secondly, American business men want the American Government to keep on buying gold. America is well known as a land of high tariffs. American industrialists and farmers want the home market for their own goods. They object strongly to British motor-cars, Australian wool, German toys or Swiss watches competing with their home-made products.

On the other hand, they want to sell their surplus motor-cars, their cereals, their machinery and tools to foreign countries in order to expand their businesses and make more profits.

Other countries, of course, put up their own tariffs to stop them. But some American products—oil, for example—are urgently needed by many foreign nations.

These nations would be only too glad to take a tanker full of oil and send back in exchange a shipload of butter or cotton or manufactured articles. But there are very few things the Americans want that they can't produce themselves. And their own high tariffs on imported commodities make it impossible for the American exporter to accept such consignments. A shipload of British bicycles, for instance, would be a dead loss.

So the usual way for the American exporter to get payment for the goods he sells abroad is by means of gold, or money which has gold backing. This happened on a big scale when Britain had to pay America for the huge debts incurred during the 1914-18 war.

And then, to complete the circle, the American Government buys the gold back from the American industrialist at 35 dollars per fine ounce. Or, which amounts to the same thing, transfers foreign currency into American dollars.

Thirdly, American investors in foreign businesses also insist that their Government should keep the world's currency plugged to gold. Otherwise they could not count on dividends, earned in foreign money, being changed back into dollars.

So your local jeweller is only paying you good British money for your gold watch, your gold ring, your gold teeth and your gold sovereign for this reason:

The British banks and the British Government know that the American Government stands as World Guarantor to buy that gold ring and sovereign at 35 dollars per fine ounce. And in due time the odds are that your sovereign will lie snug in the vaults at Fort Knox—the safest place it has ever been in since it was dug out of the earth.

LOVE SHIES NOT AT PRIDE

Concluding: The Sire de Maletroit's Door

By R. L. Stevenson

THE more Denis dwelt on the girl's perfections, the uglier death looked, and the more deeply was he smitten with penitence at her continued tears. Now he felt that no man could have the courage to leave a world which contained so beautiful a creature; and how he would have given forty minutes of his last hour to have unsaid his cruel speech.

Suddenly a hoarse and ragged peal of cockcrow rose to their ears from the dark valley below the windows. And this shattering noise in the silence of all around was like a light in a dark place, and shook them both out of their reflections.

"Alas! can I do nothing to help you?" she said, looking up.

"Madam," replied Denis, with a fine irrelevancy, "if I have said anything to wound you, believe me, it was for your own sake, and not for mine."

She thanked him with a tearful look.

"I feel your position cruelly," he went on. "The world has been bitter hard on you. Your

uncle is a disgrace to mankind. Believe me, madam, there is no young gentleman in all France but would be glad of my opportunity, to die in doing you a momentary service."

"I know already that you can be very brave and generous," she answered. "What I want to know is whether I can serve you—now or afterward."

"Most certainly," he answered with a smile. "Let me sit beside you as if I were a friend, instead of a foolish intruder; try to forget how awkwardly we are placed to one another; make my last moments go pleasantly; and you will do me the chief service possible."

"You are very gallant," she added, with a yet deeper sadness . . . "very gallant . . . and it somehow pains me. But draw nearer, if you please; and if you find anything to say to me, you will at least make certain of a very friendly listener. Ah! Monsieur de Beaulieu," she broke forth—"ah! Monsieur de Beaulieu, how can I look you in the face?" And she fell to weeping again.

"Madam," said Denis, taking her hand in both of his, "reflect on the little time I have before me, and the great bitterness into which I am cast by the sight of your distress. Spare me, in my last moments, the spectacle of what I cannot cure even with the sacrifice of my life."

"I am very selfish," answered Blanche. "I will be braver, Monsieur de Beaulieu, for your sake. But think if I can do you no kindness in the future—if you have no friends to whom I could carry your adieus. Put it in my power to do something more for you than weep."

"My mother is married again and has a young family to care for. My brother Guichard will inherit my fiefs; and, if I am not in error, that will content him amply for my death. Life is a little vapour that passeth away, as we are told by those in holy orders. When a man is in a fair way and sees all life open in front of him, he seems to himself to make a very important figure in the world. But once he is dead, were he as brave as Hercules or as wise as Solomon, he is soon forgotten."

"It is not ten years since my father fell, with many other knights around him, in a very fierce encounter, and I do not think that anyone of them, nor so much as the name of the fight, is now remembered. No, no, madam, the nearer you come to it, you see that death is a dark and dusty corner, where a man gets into his tomb and has the door shut after him till the judgment day. I have few friends just now, and once I am dead I shall have none."

"Ah, Monsieur de Beaulieu!" she exclaimed, "you

forget Blanche de Maletroit." "You have a sweet nature, madam, and you are pleased to estimate a little service far beyond its worth."

"It is not that," she answered. "You mistake me if you think

mon person famous in the land."

"And yet here I die in a mouse-trap—with no more noise about it than my own squeaking," answered he.

A look of pain crossed her face, and she was silent for a little while. Then a light came into her eyes, and with a smile she spoke again.

"I cannot have my champion think meanly of himself. Any one who gives his life for another will be met in Paradise by all the heralds and angels of the Lord God. And you have no such cause to hang your head. For . . . Pray, do you think me beautiful?" she asked, with a deep flush.

"Indeed, madam, I do," he said.

"I am glad of that," she answered heartily. "Do you think there are many men in France who have been asked in marriage by a beautiful maiden—with her own lips—and who have refused her to her face? I know you men would half despise such a triumph; but, believe me, we women know more of what is precious in love. There is nothing that should set a person higher in his own esteem; and we women would prize nothing more dearly."

"You are very good," he said, "but you cannot make me forget that I was asked in pity and not for love."

"I am not so sure of that," she replied, holding down her head. "Hear me to an end,

USELESS EUSTACE

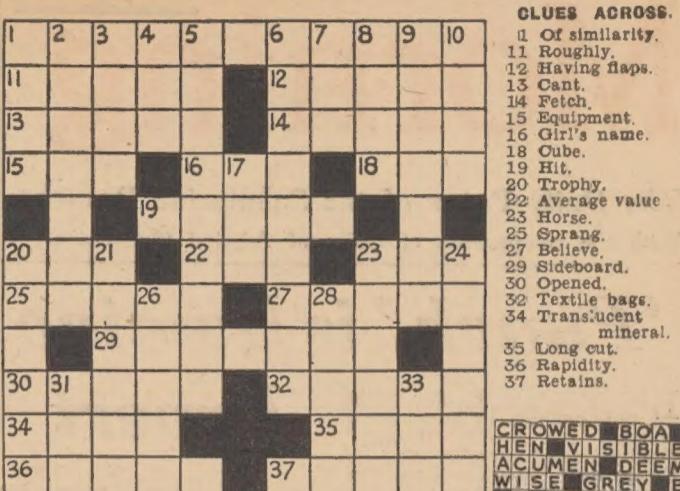


"Ah! Allow me, my card! Snowwhite Laundry—sheets a speciality!"

I am so easily touched by my own concerns. I say so, because you are the noblest man I have ever met; because I recognise in you a spirit that would have made even a com-

head. "Hear me to an end,

CROSSWORD CORNER



CLUES ACROSS.

- 1 Of similarity.
- 11 Roughly.
- 12 Having flaps.
- 13 Cant.
- 14 Fetch.
- 15 Equipment.
- 16 Girl's name.
- 18 Cube.
- 19 Hit.
- 20 Trophy.
- 22 Average value.
- 23 Horse.
- 25 Sprang.
- 27 Believe.
- 29 Sideboard.
- 30 Opened.
- 32 Textile bags.
- 34 Translucent mineral.
- 35 Long cut.
- 36 Rapidity.
- 37 Retains.

CROWDED BOA	HEN	VISIBLE
ACUMEN	DEEM	WISE
WHOA	EAR	GREY
ILL	PLEA	M
ELSE	TRIM	INDO
ASSURE	DEGRADE	SAT
TEN	SETTLE	

CLUES DOWN.

- 1 Barrel.
- 2 Indirect.
- 3 Defensive ditch.
- 4 Word jest.
- 5 Essayed.
- 6 Sea-bird.
- 7 Rocky hill-top.
- 8 In same book.
- 9 Flesh food.
- 10 Border.
- 17 Through.
- 20 Hits.
- 21 Row gently.
- 23 Ring.
- 24 Tigers.
- 26 Cost.
- 28 Pulse.
- 31 Pile.
- 33 Lodging.

Monsieur de Beaulieu. When Florimond de Champdivers," she said in his ear.

"I did not hear it," he answered, taking her supple body in his arms and covering her wet face with kisses.

A melodious chirping was audible behind, followed by a beautiful chuckle, and the voice of Messire de Maletroit wished his new nephew a good morning.

END

Somebody, I suppose, was excusing something on the score of temper, to which the bishop replied, "Temper is nine-tenths of Christianity."

Arthur Helps
(1813-1875).

WANGLING WORDS—236

1. Put a girl in CR, and make a crook.

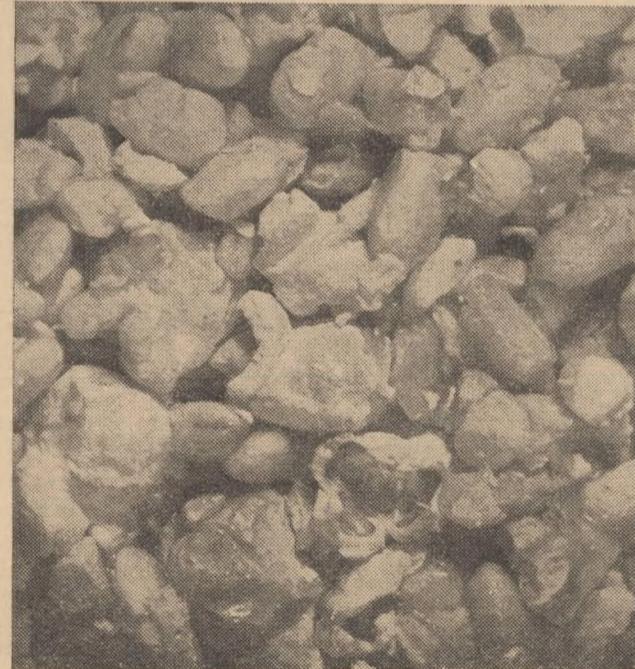
2. Rearrange the letters of GREEN STAIN, and make some fruit.

3. Altering one letter at a time, and making a new word with each alteration, change: ROOM into VIEW, SIDE into ROAD, SKIP into ROPE, BABY into SHOW.

4. How many 4-letter and 5-letter words can you make from REMEMBRANCES?

Answers to Wangling Words—No. 235

TO-DAY'S PICTURE QUIZ



WHAT IS IT?

"It is a small love," he said, "that shies at a little pride."

She made no answer, although she probably had her own thoughts.

"Come hither to the window," he said with a sigh.

Indeed, the dawn was already beginning. The hollow of the sky was full of essential daylight, colourless and clean, and the valley underneath was flooded with a gray reflection. A few thin vapours clung in the coves of the forest or lay along the winding course of the river.

The scene disengaged a surprising effect of stillness, which was hardly interrupted when the cocks began once more to crow among the steadings. A little wind went bustling and eddying among the tree-tops underneath the windows. And still the daylight kept flooding insensibly out of the east.

Denis looked out over all this with a bit of a shiver. He had taken her hand, and retained it in his almost unconsciously.

"Has the day begun already?" she said; and then, logically enough, "the night has been so long! Alas! what shall we say to my uncle when he returns?"

"Blanche," he said, with a swift, uncertain, passionate utterance, "you have seen whether I fear death. You must know well enough that I would as gladly leap out of that window into the empty air as lay a finger on you without your free and full consent. But if you care for me at all, do not let me lose my life in a misapprehension; for I love you better than the whole world, and though I will die for you blithely, it would be like all the joys of Paradise to live on and spend my life in your service."

As he stopped speaking, a bell began to ring loudly in the interior of the house, and a clatter of armour in the corridor showed that the retainers were returning to their post, and the two hours were at an end.

"After all that you have heard?" she whispered, leaning toward him with her lips and eyes.

"I have heard nothing," he replied.

"The captain's name was

1. A dhole is a Spanish coin, wild dog, weekly allowance, head-dress, part of a loom, fungus, small deer?

2. Who wrote (a) Anna Christie, (b) Anne of Geirstein?

3. Which of the following is an intruder, and why: Coracle, Sampan, Dhaw, Dahabah, Buggy, Carack?

4. With what sport do you associate Max Baer?

5. What foreign Prime Minister was a famous pianist?

6. Who became Shakespeare's wife?

7. Which of the following are mis-spelt: Hospodar, Hospice, Howdar, Huckaback, Halilbut?

8. What is the smallest British bird?

9. What does Q.E.D. stand for?

10. What are the measurements of an Association football pitch?

11. What is the capital of Jersey?

12. Name two comedians whose first names is Claude.

Answers to Quiz in No. 280

1. Shoe.

2. (a) George Meredith, (b) H. G. Wells.

3. Tonbridge is in Kent; others in Devon.

4. Sapphira.

5. Criminal Investigation Department.

6. Attendants at the House of Commons carry snuff for the use of Members.

7. Commissar, Carafe.

8. Crimson.

9. (a) Horatio, (b) William Ewart.

10. No; it draws water into its trunk and then squirts it into its mouth.

11. Tennis.

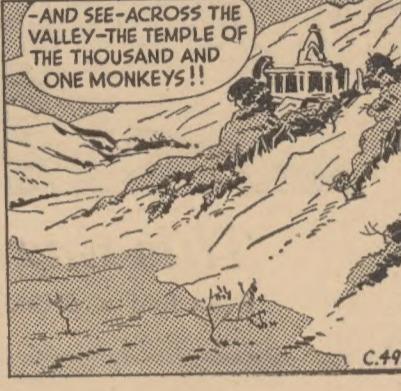
12. Hulbert, Hilton, Payne, Buchanan, etc.



BEELZEBUB JONES



BELINDA



POPEYE



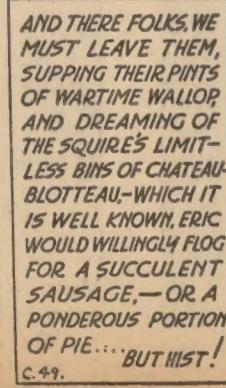
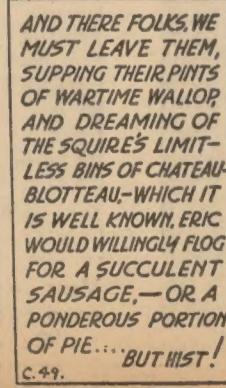
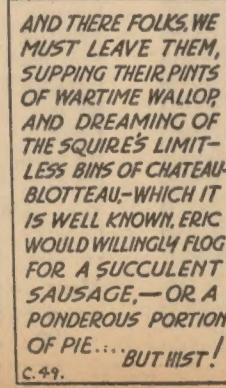
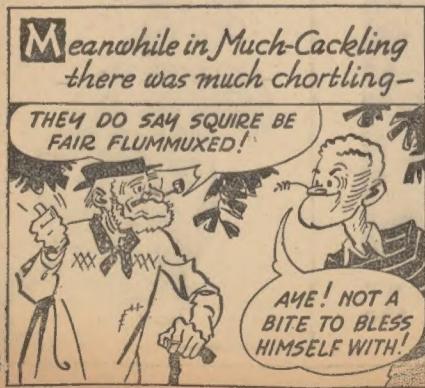
RUGGLES



GARTH



JUST JAKE



ARGUE THIS OUT FOR YOURSELVES

REVOLUTIONARIES.

REVOLUTIONS are not made by the starving, but by people who have something to eat, but not quite enough, and see others well fed. If you are starving you think only about your next meal, and where it is to come from. Consider the psychology of tramps. . . . If you live on bread, margarine and tea and sleep in a "spike" you don't think about politics, still less about revolutions. What you think about is where you can go for your next dollop of margarine, bread and tea. Want, in fact, takes the revolutionary edge off poverty.

Professor C. E. M. Joad.

NAUGHTY CHILDREN.

WHAT can be done to cure these young rebels against mankind? First, we must find out the cause of the child's delinquency. Faulty home conditions, unkind parents, bad company, or neglected organic weakness are all probable causes. It may be possible to change or remove any of these causes. . . . But there is another and more permanent way of reaching the child, so that he can use his own creative powers, to improve almost all the conditions against which he is reacting. To cure a delinquent child it is only necessary to re-educate him in moral values.

Miss Phyllis Bottome.

ARE WE GENEROUS?

A FOREIGN statesman recently indulged in an epigram which is worth recording. "The British people," he said, "are the most generous on this earth. It pays better, therefore, to be their enemies than their allies." No Briton can allow such a remark to pass unchallenged. It may be true that, being a tolerant and easy-going race, we are more apt than others to forgive and to forget. But it is not true that we invariably make friends of our enemies and enemies of our friends. Our loyalty, for instance, to such allies as Russia and the United States has been sustained and noteworthy: it is only towards our weaker associates that we sometimes display inconsistency. And is it really true that in this year 1944 the British people are generous to a fault?

Harold Nicolson.

PAST-FUTURE.

WHEN people talk about reconstruction their minds almost inevitably go in the direction of reform. They begin to think of noble ideas for a beautiful world into which we might go—a world so different from the past. Do not let us decry everything there was in the past, because it was not completely bad; if it had been it would not have been able to produce us, and, what is still more important, our children, who have certainly demonstrated that the children of Britain are of a very high quality indeed.

Lord Woolton.

VANISHING CRAFTSMEN.

IN old days it was necessary to go to the village blacksmith for the shoeing of horses. To-day, though the tractors and other machinery need rather more blacksmith's work than the horse, there seems to be a certain reluctance among farmers to use the local man. In my experience the village blacksmith is much more efficient than any central workshop in repairing any garden machine or tool. Indeed, farmers in general are not local enough. They often take a very small part in the social life of the village; they sell no atom of the food they produce locally; and their neglect (compelled perhaps in this regard by the organisation of free imports) has killed a very large proportion of local mills.

Sir William Beach Thomas.

CHILDREN PART-TIMERS.

A GOOD education demands all the energy that a growing boy has to spare. Parents in less favourable circumstances mostly realise that their children will have to study even harder to make their way in the world in order to overcome social and financial handicaps. Only extremely poor or very short-sighted parents allow their children to take part-time employment, which, in my view, should be prohibited if education is to make all the looked-for future progress.

Mrs. K. M. Constable.

ODD QUOTES

He did not think, with the Caliph Omar Ben Adalaziz, that it was necessary to make a hell of this world to enjoy paradise in the next.

William Beckford (1759-1844).

The colour I think of little moment; and am of opinion with our friend Foote, respecting his negro friend, that a good dog, like a good candidate, cannot be of a bad colour.

Peter Beckford (1740-1811).

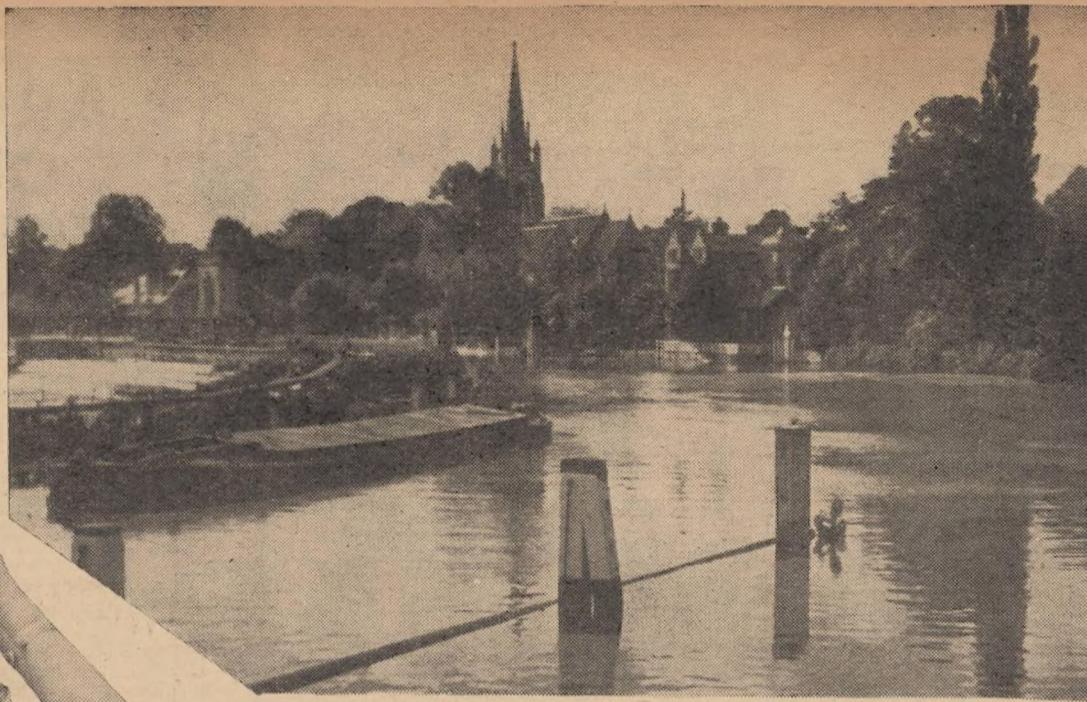
The Royal Navy of England hath ever been its greatest defence and ornament; it is its ancient and natural strength; the floating bulwark of the island.

William Blackstone (1723-1780).

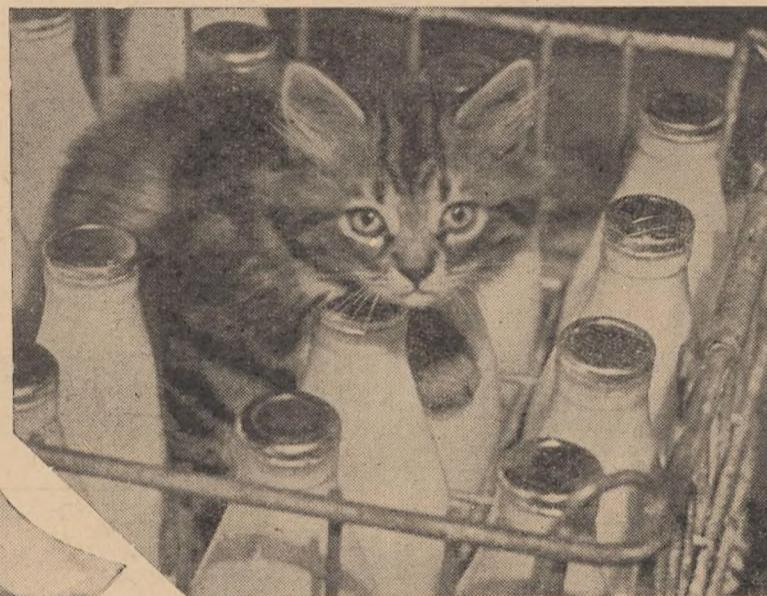
Good Morning

GOOD-BYEEE!

Beautiful Fox starlet Linda Darnell gives you all a cheerful send-off.



This England The weir at Marlow.
Do you know the
Thames at Marlow?
Ever had a drink at "The Compleat Angler"?

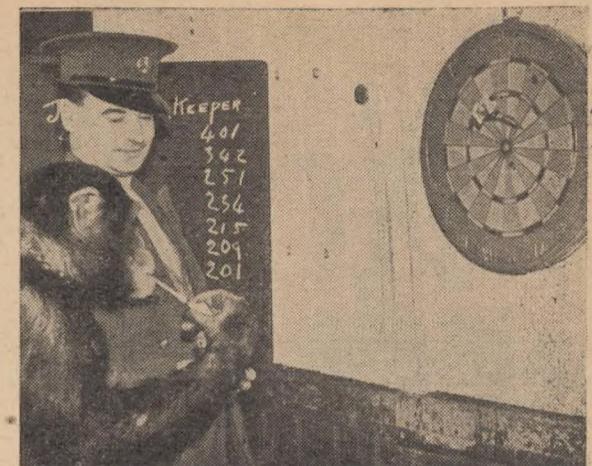


"O.K. It's a fair cop — but you can't blame me for trying to get in on this stuff, can you?"



You don't have to be a member of the Royal Yacht Squadron to sail your own ship, you know. And we bet these three youngsters have rounded the Cape and sailed the Seven Seas, in one sunny morning on that bridge.

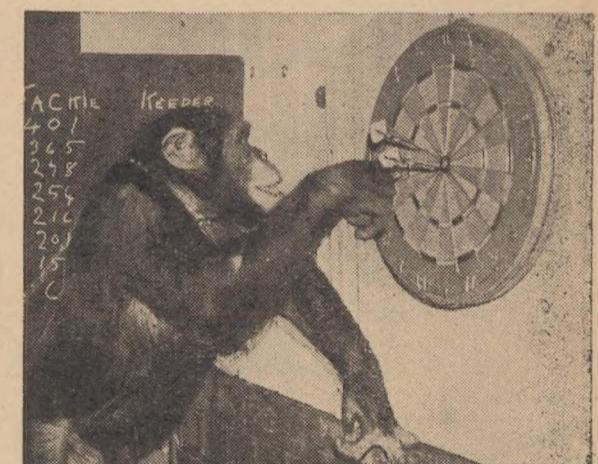
THE TEACHER TAUGHT



"Hmm! Not so hot. Should have been a 50. Must take it more seriously."



"Watch this one. Style is everything.
I KNOW this will be a 'bull'!"



"What did I tell you? Dead centre — and as many times as you like, too."

OUR CAT SIGNS OFF

"Swank . . . I could whitewash him blindfolded."

